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A

No. I.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unaninique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1895.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Sixty-First Volume with the number for October, 1895. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, with regard to the editorial management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXI.

OCTOBER, 1895.

No. I

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '96.

MAITLAND GRIGGS.

GEORGE HENRY NETTLETON.

EDWIN SIDNEY OVIATT.

PHILIP CURRAN PECK.

CHAUNCEY WETMORE WELLS.

COLLEGE SENTIMENT.

THE age is doing its best to deprive us of many of life's old-time privileges. Old-fashioned sentiment is one of them. To be discovered with a suspicious drop of moisture about the eyes as we follow the fate of some "Sidney Carton" or watch the curtain fall upon a dying "Beau Brummell," is frowned upon by our times. To have feelings and show them was a boon granted only to our grandfathers. But to-day the tendency is to calmly and collectedly watch the course of events; be ready to jump into their midst; make what personal gain we can, neither taking nor giving quarter; then retire like the spider to his web to watch for the next unsuspecting fly. Happily there are many who as yet have not bid for a seat with the mere cold-blooded, grasping spectator of this world—a world still throbbing with passion and humanity. And there is one kind of sentiment—thank Heaven!—which even a Dr. Nordau might dissect in vain for signs of degeneration. It is what we call "college sentiment."

The one vulnerable point under the unyielding crust with which the battle of life has invested the college

graduate, is that weak spot for her whom he calls his Alma Mater. It is a feeling real and living—a feeling as rich as any old-fashioned sentiment, and many times deeper and more constant. In every undergraduate too there is a love for and a pride in his college that guarantees a survival of the old spirit, and takes the place in his nature of some of that less serious sentiment of his ancestors. But here at Yale it is developing along more lines with him to-day, and is taking on a broader, heartier aspect than it has known before. He is as ready as ever to follow up his team or crew, to add his lusty encouragement and, in case of victory, his congratulations, but in any case and always his heartfelt gratitude. Yale, however, is every day coming nearer and nearer to our hearts as an institution for the promotion of manliness. There has started on our campus an epoch marked by the development and expression of a stronger, higher undergraduate sentiment. In the dominating spirit of the college there has been a new declaration of independence. Foolish fears and petty allegiances no longer stand in the way of giving utterance to a good, unprejudiced, honestly conceived sentiment or conviction, and the time has passed when one man feels he must do something because some one else does it, or when well-grounded independence for itself is not valued. A wrong in the college to-day, whether it be in its government or in its social system, has lost its old chance of long existence, for there is now no faculty or body of students that will long hold out against a well-developed, sincere undergraduate sentiment.

When a wrong is detected and fairly proved to be a wrong, or when a poor standard of honor is discovered among us, we may to-day fearlessly arouse the sentiment against it; we may make the feeling so strong and so universal that no amount of prestige the evil may have gained can stand against an adverse sentiment's steady growth. The rise of this or that poor institution or the establishment of some bad rule has doubtless been slow and gradual; it can seldom be eradicated by any evaporating or absorbing process, but must be determinedly grap-

pled with and torn out. Wounds are bound to be given and received, but they are as sure to soon heal over, and the whole college is left so much the better for the loss of bad blood.

That the college sentiment has been growing broader and becoming a higher power is undeniably true, but it is just as true that there is still plenty of room for further growth. Our standards of honor are not yet as high as they should be, or our standards of men as broad. Every branch of college work must have a value, and it is for us to see that each one has its *true* value. Athletics should have their place, and a high one; but there is also the scientific man, the scholarly man, the literary man, the good debater. It is for college sentiment to put a just valuation upon him. He has attained success—let him enjoy the rewards. General Grant, while he was President, interrupted a religious discussion at a dinner to ask what the word “agnostic” meant. He was a great general—the best the country afforded. Nobody seemed to think it strange or cared that he did not know the meaning of so ordinary a word—he was still our greatest general. A man may not know the meaning of “slow on the catch” or a “revolving wedge”—he is still the best scientist in your class; and his college life has been given to putting himself at the head of the line he has chosen. Another man has spent the best of his college course buried in the drudgery of the college “mission.” The good he has done there can never be told; the heart that has been put into it is the largest and noblest in college. Do we honestly appreciate these men and their work? Not as we ought. The fault is with the sentiment of the college undergraduate body; here it needs mending, and all signs point to a change. To make it we need only the most frank, open, man-to-man discussion.

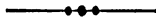
There are few times in a man's life where the events directly surrounding him are so vital to himself as those in his college to-day, or where he can take so active a part in the moves going on about him; the spirit that should rule in our athletics; that which should govern our social sys-

tem, and our elections of all kinds; this or that move which is to prove the greatest good to the greatest number of us. If we do enter earnestly into the moving, vital life of the campus and the college, and form the habit of having opinions about things—remembering always to keep our minds open to conviction, and always avoiding those cast-iron theories which stand in the way of practical sense—we have acquired something invaluable to us both as students and as citizens of the world, to whose tender mercies we are all too soon to be trusted.

To help this forward movement, our college journals have come up out of their lethargic slumber of the past several years. No longer mere chronicles of college notabilia, they have risen to a point where they can look out upon events and watch the signs of the college times. Then, by a little careful thought, by judicious and tactful management, they are picking up the best of the sentiment they find everywhere, and putting it into a form as effective in our college as the influence of larger periodicals on the outside world. In this way we are moving on toward undergraduate representation; the "honor system," and many a change which can come only with a loftier college sentiment.

"As man-to-man" is a phrase that, taken in its best and truest meaning, would make a good motto for every undergraduate by which to govern his own conduct and that of the interests intrusted to him here. With this as a working rule for both students and faculty, how long would it be before such words as "cribbing," "swiping," "boot-licking," "snob," would pass out of the Yale vocabulary? Only just so many minutes as it would take to show the absolute, utter hollowness and unmanliness that the words imply. College courtesy; veracity; the power of estimating things truly; every elevating tendency; every worthy aspiration, will flourish as they have never done before. Then the strongest and best fraternity in the University and that with the highest ideals will be the class of So-and-so; its chapter house—the campus; its shrine—the "good old fence." And the

man whose heart will hereafter feel large within him and the water come to his eyes as he thinks of his days at Yale, will be the man who did what he could for his college and helped to create her higher and nobler sentiments; the man who—as Carlyle puts it—was “a man justly related to all things and men, a good man—loving, just, the equal brother of all.” *Maitland Griggs.*



AFTERWARD.

On a drear day when the mist bells ring,
And the ships sail in from the open sea ;
On a drear day when the sirens sing
Out of the distance, plaintively,
The fisher-folk's hearts are great and strong,
But the gulls fly in and the hours are long.

On a deep night when the moon shines down
To the dreamy ghosts in the harbor-way,
And some do sleep in the quiet town
Like the storm-saved boats of the yesterday,
Cold and still with white, white sand,
The fisher-lad lies on the starry sand.

Oh who may tell in the beating rain
Whether the lily can dry her tears,
Whether the rose will bloom again,
Or faint and sleep till the after years ;
The fisher-girl weeps where the west wind blows,
Will her heart bloom after the rain—who knows?

Robert L. Munger.

AT EBB TIDE.

IT was high noon of a bright September day when the freighter "Hattie D." hove to at the mouth of Duluth harbor. The skipper, hastening up from below, stepped to the rail, and stood gazing towards the city. Beyond the gleam of the ruffled lake rose the blue line of the break-water, where the waves curled up in white spray and the stunted willows bent in the breeze. Clouds of smoke from the elevators swirled low about the huge hulks and drifted away across the straggling town to the gray hills. Through the gap between the light-house piers the muddy river slipped placidly into the heaving green of the lake, and on its brown surface a tug came panting out to meet the new arrival.

"There she is!" cried the skipper, "We're nigh home!" He was a thin, nervous man with a red face overdrawn with wrinkles, and a hand that trembled as it lay on the rail. His eyes were weak and blurred by former dissipation. He turned sharply to one of the crew stretched out on a coil of rope. "Williams," he said, "do you know what I'd like to do?" The man looked up at him quickly and waited in silence. "Well, when I get to town, I just ache to step up to those loafers on the dock and shake my fist in their faces and call out loud 'You will yell at me, will you? Thought you'd seen the last of Old Densmore, the bum, when I slipped out of sight a year back, eh? Well, here I be, straight and sober, with money enough to buy you all, twice over! Now laugh, will you?' That's what I'd say—God, but I'm happy this morning! Wonder if you know how it feels, coming home on your own deck for the first time, and holding your head high—me, mind you, who used to hunt around the wharves for jobs to keep in drink.'" He paused a moment, and then went on, almost fiercely, "No, *you* don't know, you can't. You've never led a dog's life, like me!"

The man on the rope slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, and they both gazed reflectively out over the rail. For a moment only the splash of the waves broke the sunshiny silence.

"I don't feel proud about it, tho'," he continued with softened voice, "not a bit! Only low and humble when I think of the little woman, I tell you it hurts way down! You remember when I'd sneak off and leave her, and go to that damned 'Sailor's Home.' I'd drink myself under the table, and when I came back I'd—well, you know what I did—I hit her! You've heard her scream sometimes in the night. She'd get in the corner and stretch out her hands in the dark, and cry 'Don't, Tom—*please*, dont!' I was a gentleman, was'nt I? I'll never forget those mornings, when I'd wake up and stare out at the gray sky and wish I was dead. Hell must be like that!

When I squared about it came sudden. After a week of drinking, all at once I thought of how Hattie felt—it hurt like a knife. I said, 'Tom Densmore, cut this, and make one more try. If you go under, don't bother the little woman any more.' And now—I'm near home, and with my boat named after her. That means a heap to me,—kind of consecrated like!"

Williams lit his pipe in a constrained way, and did not look up. The short, sharp puffs he gave, with the stem tight between his teeth, showed that he was greatly disturbed.

"Say," he said suddenly, "did you ever write to her while you was gone?"

"No," answered Densmore. "I didn't—never even told her I was going—just out and left. I knew I ought to, but I vowed she should never hear at all till I could take her in my arms like I'm going to this afternoon."

"You ought to have told her, man," cried Williams in a tense voice; "think what she's suffered!"

"Do you think I don't know that?" came the answer quickly. "It's bothered me often. 'Twas like the rest of the things I did to her, all wrong. Say!" and here he touched the other's arm eagerly. "Aint it a wonder she

didn't run off and leave me? I deserved it well enough. Aint it a wonder though!"

The man Williams started and shrank away from his touch. For a moment he gazed deep into the other's eyes, and then out across the dancing lake. "Yes," he said slowly, "it *is* a wonder!" The skipper laughed. "But she didn't!" he cried proudly, "she didn't. She stuck by me through it all, and now—I'm coming home, and she won't know the old Tom any more." His voice died dreamily away. "Poor devil!" muttered the man beside him.

* * * *

When Densmore recovered consciousness in the latter part of that same afternoon, he opened his eyes slowly, and stared about him. He found himself lying weak and helpless on the beach in a certain suburb of Duluth. For a long time he remained quite still, trying to realize what had happened. His mind was as if benumbed, tho' in his heart he could feel a dull, rending pain. Some ugly, evil thing had fallen upon him, and slowly enveloped him in its black folds, but what it was his poor, tired brain had forgotten. His eyes idly followed the smoke of a passing boat, and at sight of the red hull so like that of his own craft, remembrance, swift and terrible, fell upon him. He thought of his eager, expectant walk from town; how he had hurried up to the familiar door, and found it locked in his face. He had shaken it, and called, and waited a very long time. Then, with everything reeling about him, he had come away. He remembered the little, yellow-haired girl among the clover. He had stopped before her and stretched out his hands and said:

"The lady that lives over there—she's on a visit, I guess—where's she gone—she forgot—to tell me—about it—"

The answer, given in that prattling, childish voice, had burned itself into his soul.

"She went away a long time ago. She didn't go visiting—she went—to stay!"

For a moment he stood stock still, and then, with a cry that rang out over the hillside, sprang away down the slope. With strained eyes he ran and leaped, striking the air with his hands, till a quiet, grateful darkness swept over him. He knew nothing more until his eyes had opened this little while ago. He shuddered and closed them again. His lips trembled pitifully, and his fingers moved feebly in the sand. Beside him the purple asters and golden rod nodded, and the pines over-head murmured softly, tossing their green branches, and sending down to him their odorous breath. The gulls were scurrying lakeward, gleaming white against the yellow clouds that hung over the horizon. Everywhere was the brooding quiet of the late afternoon, and in the stillness that limp figure on the sand drank to the dregs his cup of bitterness. Such a pitiful, shameful thing—he writhed as he thought of it. Forgotten—yes, worse—despised. How they would laugh down in town and point at him. This would hurt worse than the old jeers that rang in his ears even yet. Every roisterer at the “Sailor’s Home” would drag *her* name in the dirt—his Hattie! He moaned and cried out brokenly, “Oh, God! Oh, God!”

The wind had freshened, driving in an ever-increasing sea from the outer lake. The water curled and seethed, dashing its green bulk against the rocky shingle, and stretching up its sinuous arms far among the pebbles. Densmore looked at the on-coming breakers curiously. They were striving, striving, reaching up and up. He watched them falter, die away and slip back without a struggle. That would be the way with him. He had tried hard, too, and stretched out his hands, and yearned, and now, just when the end was near, he had failed so miserably. Tired and nerveless, he must drop back into his old life.

“Oh, little woman!” he muttered brokenly, “if you’d only waited, only given me another chance. I didn’t think it would end so! I’d hoped so much. Oh, why did you?” He thought of the old days, when she had

sung to him and they had watched the twilight fade and the moon rise, full and silvery, out of the lake. A mist came before his eyes, and in his heart something quivered terribly. Then of a sudden he sprang up, and clenched his fist.

"Well, and don't I deserve it all? Didn't I beat her and hurt her? Didn't I leave her first? She did right, I say, and I'm not blaming her. Likely it's better so. I couldn't treat the little woman right—I'm not worthy of her."

Round about twilight was beginning to fall over the forest and the tossing lake. The pines were hushed and the bending asters still. Low on the western horizon, amid the dying sunset, a star quivered, pale and pure. Slowly he raised his eyes and gazed up hungrily. "She's like that!" he murmured, "so white and holy and far off—home, most likely now—down in Kansas with her mother. Yes, I'll keep her that way in my heart, pure and holy, but I can't reach up to her—never again. I'll never see her any more!"

For a long time that figure stood there, staring out across the water, all tremulous with shell-tints of pink and gray. Then he turned and walked slowly away. Along the black shingle the waves still stretched out their white yearning arms, and on the hill a certain house was dark.

* * * *

Late that night when the crowd was thickest in the "Sailor's Home," and the lamps burned bright, and the strained accordeon shrieked madly, and many feet scuffed the sawdust on the floor, the canvass over the door lifted suddenly, and a man's form fell senseless on the pavement. For a moment he lay unnoticed by the crowd, and then a passer-by sprang forward. It was Williams of the "Hattie D."

"My God!" he cried, "It's the captain!" One of the loafers laughed. "Yes, old Densmore again. He was drunk as a fool. We all gave him the laugh about his woman. He up and strikes out alone agin the crowd, yelling something about Kansas and a star!"

Williams knelt beside the bedraggled figure. Tenderly he wiped away the blood from the sodden face. "Dry up about that, will you!" he cried sharply, "I saw her up in Iron Harbor last month—in a dance-hall!"

Cornelius Porter Kitchel.



THE OLD CONFESSIONAL.

It stands in the dusk of a far-off corner,
Where the shadows whisper of days gone by,
And the grey old columns seem to echo
The prayers and chants of a century.

Long hushed are the voices that, thro' its lattice,
Whispered their stories of sin and strife—
Told o'er the tale that began in Eden,
Born on the birth-morn of human life.

What were the sins and who the sinners—
Seek not the tale from its heart of oak,
Lest, in the asking thou breakest God's stillness,
And then, with the silence, the spell be broke.

Nay, let us leave it all there in the darkness,
Softened by Time and the balm of the years;
Cast o'er its story the white robe of mercy,
Leave it alone with its sorrow and tears.

Charles Edward Thomas.

A DEVIL EXORCISED.

“**I** WISH tu goodness yo’ maw ’d keep her chillen in de house an’ outer my kitchen; an’ it ain enough ter track mud all roun my flo’ jes’ natchelly, but, ’deed an’ all, yo’ mus’ come a ridin on yer whirlocopedes!”

The small boy in the door-way rested his elbows on the handle bars with a deprecating smile.

“I sorter thought,” he said dreamily, “that it would be better to track the kitchen up than the front hall. It looked kinder bad out there.”

And as Lucinda seized a mop from the corner and resignedly pushed by him on her way to reform the appearance of the front hall, Freddy laughed. Chuckling, he slid out of the saddle, dived under the festooned clothes racks—it was ironing day—and disappeared into the store room door.

His stay was but for a moment. An irate Lucinda hastily appeared, grim and mopless, to drag him forth.

“You lim’ er Satan!” she cried; “you white debble—ain’ none er Miss May’s chillun. No chile er Miss May’s agoin ter tote his whirlocopede ter de do’ in his arms an den tell me he done track up de front hall jes’ so ’s ter get me ’way frum do sto’ room do’! ’Deed it ain’ right, chile; I’s se goin’ tell yo’ maw on you.”

She opened the back stairs door and called loudly up into the gloom: “Miss May! Au, Miss May! I wish ter goodness you’d keep yo’ brats outer here. Dat oil faced lim’ Freddy’s done got in the doughnuts an’—

“Say,” interrupted the vilified one, becoming interested, “I didn’t know you’d made any doughnuts,” and as she turned upon him, her eyes consumed with wrath, he added: “Oh, stop calling—mamma’s gone down town an’ you know it. When did you make doughnuts?”

“You know what I’s se goin’ do with you, chile?” she said, solemnly. “You know what I’s se goin’ do? I’s se goin’ ter give you ter de big black debble! Yes, I is, bodaciously.”

A smile of peaceful joy floated over Freddy's countenance.

"All right," he said, "do it."

She looked over her shoulder; "Wha'd yo' say?" she said.

"There ain't any devil. I ain't afraid."

For a moment there was no sound but the thud of the iron and the hiss as it slid across the damp cloth.

"There ain't no devil," he persisted, climbing to a seat on the table beside her.

"Fus' thing you know he'll come outer de fire an' grab you—hush, chile!"

Freddy swung his feet carelessly. "If there *is* a devil in that stove," he said, "I wish he would come out."

Lucinda pushed him off the table with a sweep of her hand. "Go 'long in de house, chile," she said; "you in the way hyah. Go on!"

The little boy stood before the range with his arms Napoleonically folded.

"Devil," he said "come out!"

"For Gawd's sake, chile, hush or I'll break yo' wicked back!" Lucinda knocked the iron-rest from the end of the table and, muttering, gathered it up again. The little boy fished a pistol cartridge from his pocket and set it among the irons on the range.

"Now!" he cried, "once for all! Devil in the stove, I *dare* you to come out!"

Lucinda took one stride towards the range. There was a flash, a bang, and the room was filled with smoke. The neighbors saw a portly negress burst out of the Porter's back stoop, fighting the air with both hands and screaming murder.

When a committee of her friends cautiously entered the house, they found ironing table and clothes racks, chairs and baskets in wild confusion. But in the midst of chaos sat a small boy before a pan of doughnuts.

Lindsay Denison.

DeForest Prize Oration :**THE RELIGION OF MILTON AND THE RELIGION OF GEORGE HERBERT.**

CLEMENT GEORGE CLARKE, Kansas.

AT a time when there were shelves in many an English library which had no place for *Paradise Lost*, George Herbert's *Temple* was affectionately regarded as combining the merits of *Psalter* and *Prayer-book*. In the same age which spoke of Herbert as the Psalmist of the seventeenth century, the Dean of Westminster rejected a bust of Milton, thinking even his name unworthy to be inscribed in a building dedicated to the cause of religion. Public opinion has since erected a statue to the memory of this man. His name is no longer thought a defilement of sacred walls. The name of Milton is a household word to-day, while George Herbert, though by no means forgotten, has no such shrine in the library or the hearts of English readers as the Puritan poet whose pamphlets were burnt by the public executioner in the years of the Restoration.

There is perhaps no better test of the greatness of men than the history required to explain them. Some men are great for a single day, or a single generation, but some few gather up into themselves an epoch, a period, or a religion. We have the age of Pericles, the Elizabethan period, and the religion of Milton. Herbert would never serve to identify an era, but he represents the attitude of the conservative mind at this period of innovation, and compresses into his life and religion all of the finest elements and noblest traits of the established English church. But they were men of marked individuality besides. Milton was a Puritan plus himself, and George Herbert was more than a mere devotee to the doctrines of Archbishop Laud.

Herbert stands for the highest refinement of the Anglican idea. He thought of the Church of England as a

mean between the two extremes of Catholicism on one side, and Presbyterianism on the other, while his theology was the doctrine of the Archbishop. There is difference of opinion as to Milton's theology. As a Calvinist, he laid the emphasis of his belief on the sovereignty of God, and his characteristic trait was spirituality. We may be able to discover passages in his writings that do not harmonize with each other in doctrine; but, if read as a whole, like the great Book which was the object of his reverence, the works of Milton have the ring of one powerful spiritual personality which overshadows and renders insignificant his exact tenets in theology.

Reverence for authority was a controlling influence with Herbert: Milton was his own authority. Herbert was heart and soul a lover of existing institutions. At the very time when Milton was refusing to take holy orders that must be bought with "servitude and forspeaking," Herbert was serving as Anglican priest at Bemerton. To the mind of the Churchman there was no servility in subscribing to doctrines laid down by the clergy. To obey was the very seal of a gentleman. The historic church, its forms, its rituals, its sacraments, were all a part of his religion. As well strike out the doctrine of the atonement as take the prayer-book from the Churchman's pew. To Milton these things were a travesty upon pure religion. He found the opinions of the church warped and tied down to tradition, and he for one determined to think for himself. He resolved to submit all principles to the test of reason and scripture, to demand liberty of conscience, freedom to worship, and freedom to think. Form and ceremony were but little better than hypocrisy. No masquerade in prelatical robes could conceal from him the sins of the bishops. He would strip the clergy of all artificial sanctity and transfer allegiance from the Church to the Word of God,

But in estimating the religion of men we think less of their theology than of the spirit which their beliefs inspire. Regarded thus, the first difference which we notice in the religion of these two men, a difference which runs through all their character and life, is the largeness

of Milton in contrast with the sweetness of Herbert. Every word which helps us to express majesty, sublimity and boldness is needed in the description of Milton; while for the simplicity, the piety, and the fervor of the other character there is nothing better than Isaac Walton's "Beautiful George Herbert." Milton's characteristic asserts itself everywhere—in pastoral, pamphlet, and epic. We have majestic grandeur and mountain air even though we miss the delicate odors which spring from the flowers of Christian charity. Something proud, something heroic, makes up the religion as well as the verse which is written into *Paradise Lost*. The spirit of Herbert is sweetness and grace. Beneath all the quaintness and mysticism we are conscious of the warm pulsing heart of a man eager for faith, and purity, and Christ. Read Herbert, feel his spirit, and one longs for some quiet, humble place to do and serve. Read Milton, you invite the tempest, you delight in the play of Nature's forces. No asceticism, no mysticism! One's whole stature expands and he feels like Bouchardon, the sculptor, in reading Homer, "twenty feet high" as he reads. One man stands for spiritual power, the other for humble consecration and every-day religion made sweet and beautiful by a singularly Christ-like spirit. Herbert was a most saintly man, but like the apostle, he felt himself the chief of sinners. All his poems are thus baptized, as it were, in a spiritual flood. As he says of his sermons, so of all his thoughts, they were "dipped in his heart" before they were uttered. Herbert belongs with the gentle spirits of history; Milton with the Reformers. Milton and Cromwell—we cannot separate them,—great types of what heroic souls may be, men who fight with prayers in their hearts and swords in their hands, while we hear from their lips the undying words of that other reformer; "Here I take my stand, I can do no otherwise. God help me!"

There is little or none of Herbert's dreamy vagueness about Milton. In him the Calvinist predominates over the child of the Renaissance. He knows his own mind and treads the unseen familiarly. The living, present reality of the invisible world allows no mysticism to shroud for

him such eternal truths as God and Immortality. He reminds one of Browning. He is confident of all that he asserts; he dares look into the inmost Heaven, "see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight,"

"The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze."

Milton would enter the Holy of Holies, would even know the thoughts of God. He never doubts, and the bold, heroic spirit feels that he is speaking of that which he has seen and known. Not so with Herbert: we get his thought by suggestion or subtle artifice. We feel what he wishes to express by the atmosphere surrounding his verse. The brightness which envelops the throne is too great for him. He hesitates, and falters, and wonders if it all can be. Where is truth, what is sin, who is God? Far off and unapproachable! He looks into the face of the Son of Man, but dares look no farther—"Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me."

Milton and Herbert were alike in this, they both held the Scriptures in highest reverence; but the homage of Milton was paid chiefly to the writings of the Old Testament, while Herbert received his inspiration from the New. If Milton would see God he would go with Moses to Mt. Sinai; Herbert to the Cross on Calvary or follow the Star to Bethlehem. Both men were Christians, but Milton a Hebrew converted to the Cross, while Herbert has been likened to that disciple whom Jesus loved. He lives his life, and writes his song, and prays his prayer, and goes about doing good, even as his Master did in Galilee. The images and magnificence of *Paradise Lost* are the conceptions which the Hebrew prophet would have used, while the figures of the Temple are more like the parables of Christ. The beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount come fittingly from the mouth of Herbert: in Milton we hear the voice of Elijah at Mt. Horeb, "I have been jealous for the Lord God of Hosts, because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant."

Herbert, the lover of authority, the mystic poet, the sweet and pious Christian, the ceremonious Churchman:

Milton, one who dares break with tradition, in whom is no mysticism, but severe simplicity, and heroic boldness—these are their different religious traits. Milton presents the noblest type of the Puritan, Herbert the truest and best in the Cavalier.

At no time do the different characteristics in the religion of these two men show to better advantage than in their declining days. Both were born into an atmosphere of religious refinement, and, at the same university each drank eagerly of its culture and learning. Milton as well as Herbert naturally loved the "storied window," the "dim religious light," and all the hallowed associations of an historic church. They stand far apart in these later years. Milton, attending no church, adopting no ceremony, sat apart in austere self-sufficiency. Herbert delighted to lose himself in the great congregation, to be simply one stone in his beautiful Temple. As his strength failed in that last lingering illness and he could no longer conduct his daily service, psalms and prayers were read by his bedside. The truest worship of all noble natures, those silent upward strivings known only to themselves and their Maker, was the form of service which Milton chose. To be ministered unto, to join in the common prayer, was to limit by expression an emotion which could only be felt. Religion to him was too spiritual to be expressed by definite forms, but no one will ever doubt that he prayed to the Eternal Spirit.

We cannot help wondering whether, if the blind Puritan poet were living to-day, he could find any church with which he might affiliate. We may be sure of this, the church of Milton would be a church with open doors to all liberal believers. Neither doctrine nor ceremony would shut out the living God. There would be no tests except tests of character, and from its membership men of the highest culture would not be excluded.

It may be difficult for some of us rightly to appreciate George Herbert. He is too fine, too tender for our masculine natures. To read him sympathetically, Coleridge says, one must be both a Christian and a lover of the

Anglican Church, both devout and devotional. To Herbert all of the ceremony was worship, he entered into the thought of its symbolism, and was calmed and subdued by its magic. Simple as a child in his ministrations of charity, he was as devoted as any Catholic priest to the forms of his church. We wish, perhaps, that Milton had been less mechanical in his theology. He was able to see a noble allegory in the Old Testament story of Samson; we wonder why he could not have seen a larger truth in the history of Creation. His poetry is full of magnificent images, why did he shut symbolic interpretation so entirely out of the New Testament Scripture? He saw political issues clearly; why did he not see that the supreme doctrine of love, underlying all doctrines, gave to Christianity a potential power, and enabled it as a set of principles to adapt itself to every human society?

The particular differences between the Churchman and the Puritan of the seventeenth century have largely passed away. It is no longer a question of wearing the surplice or repeating the liturgy; the Puritan and the Churchman have almost ceased to take issue on doctrinal points, and a liberal theology is granted to all believers. We are combining the sin-denouncing prophet with the cultured gentleman. The two types, however, are not yet extinct. We need a double infusion of both their qualities. Our Puritanism needs a finer culture; our culture a sturdier Puritanism. New enemies must be assaulted with the ancient fervor of spirit. Our Æstheticism must affiliate with Puritan Duty, our "I would" with the sterner "I ought."

And only as we bring more and more closely together the highest elements in both of these types shall we approach that perfect religion where highest culture and highest morals are combined, where refinement of taste is united with positive faith, and where freedom and authority are reconciled. To learn the spirit of devotion and service we may yet read with profit the poems of George Herbert, and in the sphere of action where our business is to "speak things not words," we must learn again the spirit of Puritanism as it is embodied in the life, the work, and the words of John Milton,

“THET FELLAR OVER YENDER.”

THE natives “lowed he was off his head” because he invariably carried an old army musket about with him, even taking it into the boat where he spent eight hours a day fishing on a lake which, though rustic, was anything but wild. It did seem extraordinary. However, there was a reason for this though equally insane, and amounted to a vague “fellar over yender thet he was a layin’ fur.” But this much was only to be gotten from him when he was drunk. Ordinarily he was very uncommunicative and had an extreme aversion to the hotels and all therein.

You were from the hotel. Hat and shoes proclaimed that, and the deep eyes noted it with suspicion that included your whole personality. After a bit, however, the gaze returned, as if baffled, to the broad stretch of water before the boat-house, doubling the blood red West that shaded off to a pink and lavender at the zenith; and the sharp green-black line around it all, half forest, half reflection.

He was a sparsely built man, quite old but with thick brown hair and a short beard yellowed about the mouth by tobacco. Part of the thumb and first two fingers of one hand had been shot away at Gettysburg. What was left afforded an excellent resting-place for the big bowled pipe which from time to time he took out of his mouth and placed there. Otherwise he never opened his lips and took no part in the aimless conversation that for hours occupied the other men about the dock.

When the stogies and pipes began to shine red and light up bits of sun-browned faces, he arose and started toward the saloon that was one of the straggling signs of life on the road back of the hotel at Cheever’s Point. The bent shoulders, the long arm with the gun, and the stride, stealthy like an Indian’s, showed for an instant in the light of the one lamp by the supply store.

“Wal, I don’t know what he lives on,” said old Mason the boatman.

" Whiskey's sustainin'," and a loud guffaw broke out on the benches.

The windows of the saloon gleamed yellow in the dark and through a rent toward the bottom of the shade was seen the butt of a gun and a gnarled boot on the foot rail at the bar.

According to precedent, three whiskies—good country tumblers—sufficed, but a little more, yet keeping carefully this side the line of incoherency, and the whole history of the Civil War was poured forth to you in a flow that brooked no interruption. It was a history from the standpoint of " Marvin Slayton, Private," as read the honorable discharge pinned in the pocket of the blue coat worn on G. A. R. day, and abounded in bloody details not always found in books.

Shenandoah, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg! They were still realities to him. Dreaming or awake he was fighting yet the battles for the Union. At their very mention the little eyes became blue beads and this silent man began to talk.

" And, stranger, we rolled there in the dirt, thet Johnnie and me, over and over, till at last I got my finger in his collar and twisted it till his eyes popped. Then I drew my knife—I kep' it right here—and I run it slow—slow into his heart."

His hat was on the floor and he was leaning over, twisting the stumps of fingers in a way that made one cold.

" Thet was war! "

He relaxed the pose and a little boy, standing open-mouthed, slunk around back of the pool table. The words seemed to hang in the air, so intense was the voice and pathetic like a man telling things he sees in a fever.

By midnight Slayton was very drunk, swearing awfully, and beginning to talk of going out and finding " thet fellar over yender." He straightened up very stiff and then lurched badly out and down to his boat. The next evening he rowed up as uncommunicative as ever.

When the last summer guest disappeared over the plank of the steamer and the big yellow hotel was closed

and forlorn-looking, Marvin was not seen for several days, and then he came bringing a little girl, yellow-haired and with large eyes, blue, like the old man's. He loped toward the boat-house with the little one running shyly behind clinging to his hand.

"Come 'long, sis, and show ye'self. There ain't none of them hotellers agoin' to hurt ye. There y'are."

The old man's face lighted up as he talked, and he swore softly in his delight as the child smiled a little bashfully.

"Is that your granddaughter, Marv?" as he stooped to fix her tattered sun hat.

"She be; ben away all summer."

"Her mother dead?"

Marv tossed the child on his shoulder and started away as if he had not heard, but turned shortly and said,

"I'm keerin' for her." His face had grown hard, but softened again as he looked in the big eyes so near his, and he whispered:

"Yes, by God, we'll get some sugar-stick now, won't we, sis. Ye like sugar stick more'n your old grandpap, ye do. Kind o' tiresome settin' watchin' the old fellar all day. But mustn't let the bad man get us, no siree!"

Up the road he went and the old straw hat hung from his shoulder and a little hand was tightly clenched in a fold of the blue shirt.

It was a month later, in October. One day the host of the big yellow hotel threw open one room and took a solitary stranger to his board. He had come early one morning in a buggy and wore diamonds and patent leathers and other indications of a man not pinched by want or taste. All day he sat down by the boat-house and passed fat cigars among the natives and told funny stories until sometime after sunset, when a dark spot appeared on the water from out the shore opposite, grew larger and took shape, till at last alongside the dock it was Marv and the little girl. The old man lifted her out and then followed with the gun and a big trailing muscallonge. As they came down the narrow dock the stranger tilted his silk hat back and started out to meet them.

"Don't you know me, Slayton?" he asked easily, and the dying light threw his figure in sharp relief.

Marvin stopped short, and the fish fell with a soft flop beside him. The child, terrified, clutched at his boot-tops. And in the shadow there was just the gleam of his eyes and one could hear his breath caught quick with a gurgle. Suddenly he sank on his knees; the stranger turned with a short cry and then the few on the beach behind saw the gun barrel.

"Damn ye', ye' dog, ye' dog." The words were low and hard, as if forced out. Click! the hammer fell sharply, but no report. The musket has not been loaded for many years.

Just the turn of an eye toward the child and before the men could be on him, Marvin gathered her close and leaped out on the dock. In among the tangled trolling lines at the bottom of the boat he placed her, and with a yell that began low and ended in a shriek, he swung away across the water, the dip of his oars leaving giant rings behind.

"She's mine! she's mine! mine—mine," and distance made the words at last a faint wail.

There was a pocketful of silver to the man that captured Slayton and the stranger offered himself likewise for the search. All the following day they spent in examining the little house that stood by a grassy road across the lake, but there were no signs that he had returned there. On to his sister's, an aged woman who lived some ten miles back, where the little girl staid summers. She had not seen them, and at night they returned to Cheever's Point empty-handed.

On the third day, the stranger did not go out, but Mason, the old boatman and his son arose early, crossed the lake and landed at a point a mile below. The long reed grass rattled dryly as they pushed their way on foot around into the little cove where the ground was very flat and had little swampy places that nourished a few scrawny cat-tails. Marvin was there seated by the lake. The musket lay across his knees and his head was bent as

if asleep, but at the sound of foot-steps he leaped up and, pushing away the hair from his eyes, waved them back.

"Hush, hush," he said softly. "Don't come no nearer, she's sleepin'."

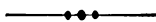
He turned and old Mason followed his gaze. It was the edge of a little gown that rose and fell in the shallow as the water lapped up against the tangled sea weed matted along the sand.

"Don't take her, oh, don't take her!" Slayton begged as he tottered after them to the boat. "She was sleepin'. I've ben watchin' her all alone. She's mine, aint she, *aint she?*"

The boatman turned just in time to see him fall face downward in the reeds.

When they returned to the hotel the man with diamonds took the little wet body and buried it.

Charles B. De Camp.



WITH PASSING YEARS.

I.

I loved thee as a child and chased
Thy oft-delaying flight, with breathless glee,
Through laurels and down lilac lanes from which
I shook the dew as I pursued and thou did'st flee.
It was thy gold, oh butterfly,
That caught the childish fancy of my eye,
But when within my hands thy powdered gold fell off.
I cast thee by to weep,
And then again in dreams I'd chase thee in my sleep.

II.

I love thee still and in a passive way
I sit and watch thy full content to sip
The brightly sparkling nectars that the shades
Of night have brewed upon the languid lily's lip.
I see thy dalliance, butterfly,
That makes the rose to blush a deeper dye ;
I watch thee chase thy shadow in the tulips' bed
In quiet summer hours ;
I laugh and thou art lost among some sweeter flowers.

Frederick Tilney.

NOTABILIA.

NO new course at Yale has aroused such general interest as Dr. Phelps' "Modern Novels." The most prominent newspapers in the east have very generally commented on it, and in the highest terms—the "Boston Herald" has suggested that to the list of "Modern Fiction" be added Bob Cook's stories as to the condition of Yale crews before the boat-races—and the "News," with its own unconscious humor, speaks feelingly of the course in "Modern Tuition." Very fortunately this popularity is not confined to the outside world. Two hundred and fifty men have regularly elected the course and it is far-and-away the most popular optional in college. Now all this has its meaning. It means that the re-awakening spirit of interest at Yale in matters literary is as genuine as, a few months ago, we asserted it to be. It means—a thing which ought to have been perfectly obvious ere this—that the average college man is fully as interested in live literature as in the dry bones of the classics. Intelligent criticism is a most valuable factor even in the work-a-day world, and Dr. Phelps' course will give mental stimulus to novel reading, which has hitherto been largely a dissipation. There is no more hopeful sign at Yale than the gradual broadening out of her literary courses. The call for increased advantages is still imperative, but the stone once set a-rolling will not soon be allowed to become moss-covered.

* * * *

YALE'S very gratifying victory over Cambridge in the recent athletic games has in part consoled us for the loss of the Harvard foot-ball game next month. Yet we cannot but wonder if, in this year of international athletic contests, we have not rather overdone matters. Occasionally international competitions may be healthful to the universities; but the expense, the additional months of training taken from the already well-filled calendar of the college athlete, the abnormal importance placed on the

issue, cry out against such contests becoming an annual fixture. And under his breath the good Saint Elihu whispers, "Cambridge, Mass. is as good as Cambridge, Eng. Let us back as soon as possible with all good grace to contests with our time-honored rival."

* * * *

ESSAYS in competition for the LIT. Medal will be due December 1. They must be type-written and signed with a *nom-de-plume* and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the writer's name and address. The competition is open to all undergraduate subscribers to the "LIT."

* * * *

THE LIT. Sanctum will be open for the criticism and return of rejected contributions from seven until eight P. M. Mondays.

PORTFOLIO.

SHADOWS.

In the gold of afternoon,
 Ere the sleepy hours do croon,
 When the hazy sunshine peeps
 Where the twined wisteria creeps,
 When the leaves begin to play
 In an airy, fairy way,
 Dreamily they rise and fall,
 Shadows—dancing on the wall.

When our years have lost their sheen,
 Will our hearts be just as green
 As the twined wisteria's leaves,
 Swinging 'neath the sunny eaves;
 Will they be in life's late day
 Like the leaves that lightly play,
 Like the shadows that do fall—
 Shadows—dancing on the wall?

R. L. M.

—The evolution from a sign painter to an artist in landscape is not often accomplished in one generation, if at all.

*KARL
 BRENNER.*

City shops with their gilded advertisements, confused like the street cries around them, differ so widely from woodland vistas and waterfalls with their varying melodies. But now and then one sees a man of the city streets with a touch of old Nature in him not to be eradicated, growing like wild roses in the most forbidding places.

My uncle remembers very well when "Charley" Brenner closed up the shutters of his paint shop and went to live among the beechwood dryads—I suppose he thought Brenner a fool for his pains. The truth is that Brenner had been the companion and friend of the spirits of the wood for many a day, and that when he turned away from the prosperity of commerce to the penury of art, it was sheer loyalty in him.

He knew how to paint beechwoods, that and nothing more. My own opinion is that it was a matter of pure inspiration and revelation and that it was reserved for Karl Brenner to clothe mere trunks and branches with spiritual light.

There is a remarkable individuality in a beech tree, and especially if you know anything about dryads you can see that a beech dryad is a very noble damsel. Mr. Lowell said a very wise thing once about the hamadryad flitting and leaving the tree only a bit of ship timber. (She doesn't really flit, you know, but her white limbs are no match for edge tools.) My uncle says that these trees with their tall and shapely bodies remind him of Stonewall Jackson's men at Bull Run—"as proud and chivalrous as they," he is fond of saying; but then he never saw a dryad and, of course, doesn't know that the grace of a beech tree is by no means masculine. Karl Brenner knew all about it.

There was a certain picture of his named "Through the Clearing," which was first displayed at the Southern Exposition and afterwards hung in the gallery of Mr. George Moore, where I used, in boyhood, to see it. It seemed at first that the beauty of the picture lay in the effect of sunlight through the trees, but I found out, in the dusk of an autumn day, that the spirit-light made all the wonder.

I often sit and think how hard a struggle Brenner must have had, what hardships he must have endured following after the wood nymphs, but I know he was happy. How else could it be that he could see the waving of beckoning white arms and the flutter of innumerable robes, and the floating, soft, exquisite colors? Poor, weak, hungry body, and rapt, serene, beautiful soul! He's dead now—peace to him. What a brave fellow he was, to be sure!

c. w. w.

—He was a young man of delicate sensibilities and occupied a seat in the front row at the Variety, more because he desired to familiarize himself with "phases of life" as he expressed it, than from any desire to witness boxing elephants, or "Amy, the child vocalist," as the posters had it. Already he had been thoroughly bored by the elephants, and heart-sick at the sight of the little twelve-year-old girl with the tired eyes and the piteously automatic gestures that accompanied the topical song.

When The Meyers, Lillie and Frank, came on in the "eccentric creation"—they were also famous jubilee singers—he was about to leave, but decided to remain till the end of the act.

It was descriptive of a negro camp meeting. The orchestra was pounding out "Then get your wings all ready, chilluns," and "Lillie" and "Frank," with much realistic slapping of thighs and rolling of eyes, shouted "When Gabriel blows his trumpet."

Suddenly in the midst of the singing a small, squeaking voice rose up in the gallery :

"Praise de Lord, dey's glory in my soul, we's a marchin' on to Zion."

The actors stopped and stared into the dim house, that had grown very still. And then at their consternation a mighty howl of laughter burst from every throat as the people craned up to see who it was. The young man looked too, but he was not laughing.

A bent figure with just discernible white hair was standing by the gallery rail flinging his arms about him and chanting softly in the melodious southern tone. Already the gallery "bouncer" was making his way toward him.

Poor old darky ! He had wandered in to escape the cold and, seated up there dreaming and blinking at the footlights, gradually the old melodies had floated through his fancies. Theatre and stage faded from his sight and there was just the rough meeting-house with its black congregation swaying and groaning, under the sputtering candles.

"Praise de Lawd !"

And these men yelled and jeered like beasts ! He would get up and tell them they were brutes, insensible, soulless. He would appeal to them. His hand had stiffened on the seat and his eyes were blazing with purpose, when a voice full of ennui drawled out just behind him,

"Yes, that coon travels with them. Same gag they worked at Pastor's."

The young man of delicate sensibilities went out ; he had seen a phase of life.

C. B. DE C.

—Nestled in one of the greenest valleys of the Berkshires lies a pretty little village which the inquisitive railroad has revealed to the outside world. The lone white church with its inevitable green blinds is dimly seen among the pines and maples of the yard. Across the way is the village store, where the teams of the neighborhood are tied to well-gnawed posts. The

THE VILLAGE
STATION.

his eyes at times to watch the sluggish Concord with its nodding fringe of brown reeds, and the circlings of the gulls that gleam white against the gray of sky and plain. He feels that the summer is passing away. "The flowers still flourish along the border of the river and in the depths of the woods; the days, too, are as fervid as they were a month ago. and yet in every breath of wind and every beam of sunshine there is an autumnal influence. A breeze can not stir without thrilling one with the breath of autumn, and he beholds its pensive glory in the far golden gleams among the long shadows of the trees." Now he returns homeward, alone and yet not solitary. In his ears sounds the manifold murmurings of the forest, and in this quiet hour the creatures of his heart's imaginings take earthly form. Before him dances the fairy Pearl, wreathed with dripping wild-flowers, and beckoning with tiny, outstretched arms. In the deepening shade of the tall pines, he seems to see the woman with the flaming letter on her breast, sitting silent yet joyful under the spell of the elfin voice, which comes floating through the stillness. He lingers long in this strange fair Arden of his dreams, while the golden glow of sunset fades and the dew begins to fall. At last the familiar vista of ash trees meets his eyes and he turns up from the meadows. Through the wet grass he comes, his step firm and elastic, and his arms full of white water-lilies.

Now it is a stormy day, and Hawthorne sits in the study under the eaves, with his well-beloved books around him, and a fire of blazing hickory on the brick hearth. Against the western windows, with their cracked diamond panes, the dripping willows beat unceasingly, dashing down a multitude of rain-drops upon the black shingles at every gust, while the ancient mosses on the wall are green and fresh. Amid the rising mists he catches sight of the river, a dull, dark streak against the monotone of the sodden meadows; but the familiar summit of the wooded hill beyond is hidden now, for the curtain of hissing, spluttering rain has settled over all. Naught is heard save the steady, ceaseless murmur of the storm; and so passes the afternoon, whose gray light is so like to the soul of him who sits writing in this little room. But at evening the wind and rain die away, the clouds across the valley separate and the cheery western sunshine, glimmer-

ing through the willow branches, falls upon his face. Smiling he looks up and watches the golden rays, as they rest on each familiar object, touching it with splendor and dimming the glow of the red embers with their purer light. C. P. K.

—June 9th, 1861. Olivia is weeding the pansies. She kneels in the path beside the flower bed and pulls up the coarse
PRO PATRIA. grasses and pusley mechanically. The old garden is fast asleep in the summer sunshine. The crimson and white hollyhocks nod drowsily in the noon-day stillness, and the portly sunflowers lean lazily against the fence with blank, expressionless faces. The sweet peas hang their heads droopingly in the heat, and the lilies of the valley hide their white bells in masses of dark leaves. Swarms of bees drone busily around the trellis where the honeysuckle climbs, and a woodpecker drums among the apple trees. Far across the broad meadows beyond the orchard rise the spires and roofs of the city, blinking in the sunlight.

The Major rode away half an hour ago ; but the sound of his horse's hoofs as he galloped down the dusty road still rings in Olivia's ears, his tall form is still before her eyes. From the distant city across the fields floats the measured roll of drums and the half distinguishable playing of a regimental band ; the brigade is marching to the depot. Olivia leans forward among the pansies with trembling fingers. Her eyes grow dim and she pulls up the weeds and flowers indiscriminately. H. D. G.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Yale Athletic Association.

The officers elected for the present year are : S. Day, '96, President ; Mitchell, '96 S., Vice President ; C. Gillette, '97, Assistant Manager ; Kneeland, '97, Secretary. L. P. Sheldon was elected Captain.

The Baseball Captain

For the ensuing year is S. Quimby, '96 S.

The Crew Captain

For the ensuing year is R. B. Treadway, '96.

The Glee Club Officers

Are as follows : President, E. C. Lackland, '96 ; Manager, J. B. Neale, '96. President of Banjo Club, F. F. Brooks, '96 S.

The Class Day Exercises

Were held June 24th. W. A. Moore was Poet ; C. G. Clarke, Orator. The Class Histories were read by F. B. Harrison, J. F. Hooker, J. G. Mitchell, R. B. Mason and R. S. White.

The Yale-Harvard Boat Race

Was won by Yale June 28. Yale's time, 21 min. 29½ sec. Harvard's time, 22 min. 10 sec. The Freshman race on June 27 was won by Yale, Harvard second and Columbia third.

The Yale-Harvard Baseball Series

Was won by Yale—

June 20th, at Cambridge—Yale, 7 ; Harvard, 4.

June 25th, at New Haven—Yale, 5 ; Harvard, 0.

The following undergraduates died during the summer vacation : George Zabriskie Gray, '96 ; John David Garth, '97 ; Charles Prentice Kellogg, '97 ; Blachley Hoyt Porter, '97 ; Berkeley McKesson, '98.

BOOK NOTICES.

Four Years of Novel Reading. Edited, with an Introduction, by Richard S. Moulton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

The little book before us is a very important contribution to the thinking of the times. Not important in any sense of philosophy unfolded, or truth revealed—for there is not much that is valuable in it but the few remarks of Prof. Moulton's in the beginning—but a mile-stone in one by-path of our progress, along the high road of literature. I do not know that any one has touched upon so finely or spoken of novel writing so appreciatively as Prof. Moulton. Most people are accustomed to pass it by with a nod. It may be, in conversation with some learned man some of its secret votaries would scorn it. It is very true that it is utterly unappreciated by the pseudo-wise and only is on the verge of being named a respectable study by those of finer calibre.

There is very little doubt but that the best minds of to-day are turning towards fiction for a proper as well as popular channel for the expression of their mission. Years ago Tolstoi would probably have embodied his ideas in the more sturdy form of essays. Mrs. Ward would have been a pamphleteer. Some of Mr. Howell's altruistic tales would have been told in scientific papers. And Mr. Bellamy would have hardly signed the title "Looking Backward." But nowadays we are taking the matter more seriously. The bigotry that once forbade the reading of yarns on Sundays is still above ground—there are well-meaning-enough gentlemen who would look askance at "The Manxman," but that older spirit is fast giving away to a newer and more enlightened view. Many of us at this present writing can know that only a few weeks ago we attended the first lecture that was given in a college class room on "The Novel." And it was a most praiseworthy attempt to introduce a dignity to the story.

Prof. Moulton reviews the subject in a few and pithy pages. The latter part of the volume is given up to a discussion of some twenty novels of the past thirty years and to them are appended some amateur notes on special sides of novel reading. The book is one that should be read and studied. It is one that will bear a pioneer part in the coming resurrection of the Story.

The Choice of Books. By Chas. F. Richardson. N. Y.: Lovell, Coryell & Co. 75c.

Like all guide books to such an intimate science as the reading of books, Mr. Richardson's volume smacks of the pedantic. President Porter, Maurice, Bacon, Emerson and others of our acquaintances have written on the Art of Reading and given us depths of advice. One of the best features in the present book is the fact that we have a digest of all the best things that have been said on reading. Mr. Richardson is a little unnecessary in his pages on "How much to read" and the "Best Time," etc. No practical help can be found in such stuff. But on the whole he has a great

many valuable things to say and he has said them in a readable way. The book is bound in a much more durable and tasteful way than a majority of the publishers' works are, and may be recommended to divers in literature.

Modern German Literature. By Benjamin W. Wells, Ph.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A history of German Literature has always been lacking to English readers—that is, a history which deserves the name. Most of the volumes which have borne the title have served the one object of proving the need of a distinguishing and appreciative spirit to undertake the task.

Mr. Wells has produced a work whose aim seems to be well realized. He has given to those who do not read German a faithful portrayal of the great names found in modern German letters and has effected a clear-cut survey of the whole which is of use to anyone. Gathering up the significant features of mediæval German literature, he proceeds from Wieland to Heine in more detailed fashion and hastily reviews the chaotic present state in a concluding chapter.

The author's method is one which deals largely in the personal history of the writers, and his quotations are apt and striking. The style is clear and the matter very readable. Love of poetry seems to attract the author from an impartial treatment of prose, and if the book's title were "Modern German Poetry," it would more closely correspond to the contents. A. S. K.

The Old Maid's Club. By L. Zangwill. N. Y.: Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.25.

Although a work of considerable lower mental power than Mr. Zangwill's more popular work, the book under notice is not without its good points. Mr. Zangwill is always witty, he is eternally bright. He never tires of sending up clouds of verbal fire-works to be exploded over the heads of his congregations. The only trouble is that once in a while, once in a great while, the congregation weary a little of him. In "Children of the Shetto" Zangwill certainly oversteps his limits and goes out of his way to fetch a gibe; in "The Old Maid's Club" he even is at more pains to make one laugh.

It is all about a certain girl who joined a celibate syndicate and what came of it. Telling the latter half of this postulate occupies the 300 or so pages of the book. There is a good deal of Bangs in the book, and some of Jerome's ebullient humor. No one who may take it up will care to read it at one sitting—the most ardent admirer of the English Mark Twain could do it. It descends to the arrantly farcical at times and is never side-splitting. It is plainly an early work foisted to the tails of his recent cometic output.

Scottish Sketches. By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

So completely is the book-market glutted now-a-days with short stories that only the exceptional writer attains marked success. And this Mrs. Barr undoubtedly fails to do. The Scottish field has been pretty thoroughly

reaped already, and by more skillful hands. Mrs. Barr has neither Barrie's humor nor McLaren's pathos, and is at times unnatural and stilted. We question whether a real sister's farewell to her brother would be, "I will give you a rendezvous in heaven." Tallisker is to us the most interesting character in the opening story, but Dr. McClure in "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush" is worth a dozen of him.

Yet the stories are interesting, and there are some things that will ring very pleasantly in the ears of Mrs. Barr's large circle of feminine readers—such as, "Men may mar the happiness of a household, but they cannot make it. Women are the happiness makers." For after all Mrs. Barr's audience is mostly petticoated.

N.

First Poems and Fragments. By Philip Henry Savage. Boston: Copeland & Day.

The little book sent us by Messrs. Copeland & Day is an example of latter-day poem-making. A quaint address, a packing paper binding, a pretty affectation of old-time printing, a saving of space by half-page setting, a pleasant index and a still more entertaining title page and thirty or four-score pages of type. In all such books as have come our way in this dress, all have been the same. And oddly enough Mr. Savage has caught the air of Lionel Johnson and Benson, and the all faraway echos of Dobson and Vale and Bliss Carmen. A pantheistic religion, (if worship of toadstools and cucumber vines be a religion whatsoever), and a blithe pen that can scratch at will of nymphs or street sparrows is all one needs. Mr. Savage has somewhat more, we give him credit. He hits upon one or two dainty little verses, in his inky lucubrations, as in X of "Shorter Poems"—

"When evening comes and shadows gray
Steal out across the glimmering bay
And tremble in the air between."

And under the kind protection of the eminent Mr. Wordsworth our author executes several dreamy appeals to Nature.

But on the whole Mr. Savage is hardly up to the standard even of his learned masters. We smile quietly at such as this:

"Mercy! Justice! ah, no! Heaven's Gate!
Heaven's Gate!"

If that is what the new poetry is coming to, along with the new woman and all these new departures, we are a bit skeptical of the future of the muse. But perhaps we are mistaken. Mayhap there be some pearl of thought escape us in such as these:

"The sun is up, Great God, the sun is up
High o'er the eastern hill among white clouds
Insufferable!"

We are glad to hear it. If it takes such labyrinthian expressions as that to describe it we will have to get up some morning and look at it.

Legends of Fire Island Beach and the South Side. By Edward R. Shaw. N. Y.: Lovell, Coryell & Co. 75c.

In a little green book with gilt lettering and a remarkable design of ships in a cheese sea, Mr. Shaw has given us the stories and legends of a piece of Long Island shoreland. The tenor of the book consists of ghosts and sea witches, hobgoblins that moan in the sand hills before a ship goes down. Here and there Mr. Shaw prints little word-etchings of scenery that remind one of "The Merry Men"—but the tales are very pointless and do better at a cabin fireside than in the open page of print. There is a good deal too much gold sprinkled through the pages and several of the illustrations are innocently humorous. The style is a hash between a youthful enthusiasm and aged garrulity. But the book is worth reading, it is new only to learn of the legends of the Sound.

Louis XIV. Heroes of the Nation Series. By Arthur Hassall. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

The last issued volume in the Heroes of the Nation Series is Louis XIV of France. It is written by Arthur Hassall and in a way which brings the picture of the French monarchy in the seventeenth century vividly before the mind. Undoubtedly France never saw such well grounded splendor as in the reign of the Grand Monarque. He was a typical Frenchman and had the Frenchman's love of glory and military display. To this end he sacrificed his all for the magnificence and brilliancy of a court the like of which the world has never seen. In this story the vast projects and ambitious schemes of Louis are vividly portrayed. We see him as a young monarch feeling his way carefully, but none the less surely, toward despotic absolutism, not only over France, which soon learned to love as well as fear him, but over all Europe. His power increases until he finally has the crown of Spain at his disposal, and can anything be more soul-stirring or dramatic than when he appears before the anxious court leading his grandson and says—"Gentlemen, this is the King of Spain?" The book has the merit of being written in a clear, forcible style which leaves a vivid impression on the reader's mind. As usual in this series, the illustrations and printing are excellent.

P.

TWO NOVELS. 1. *The Commodore's Daughters.* By Jonas Lie. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. 50c. 2. *The Heritage of the Kurts.* By Björnstjerne Björnson. Same. 50c.

The eyes of the world have been turned on Scandinavian literature of late, mostly through the efforts of the late Prof. Boyesen, and the reprinting of these two tales bears witness to the popularity of their authors. The present tale (1) was written in 1889 and is the sixteenth of his series of novels. In a very interesting introduction to the novel, Mr. Sosse gives the few remarks that are necessary to the understanding of Jonas Lie's work, and places him in his well-earned position of chief of the Norwegian novelists. The style of "The Commodore's Daughters" is colloquial in the extreme, the treatment heavenly, the incidents those of real life. There is a simpleness about it all that pleases, a way of story-telling that is distinctly

different from the lurid writing of the English at the present time. In *The Heritage of the Kurts* (2) or naming it by its birthright "Flags of Town and Harbour," Mr. Sosse introduces us again, and time too, to the best known, if not the novel giant of the North, Björnson. The author is known widely as the Intellectual Thor of his native land. Whatever is great in Norway is directly symbolized in the person of Björnson. Like Ibsen, he is a revolutionist, unlike him, he figures prominently in the politics of his country as in literary circles. Whoever would know the best that is being done abroad in literary work should read Björnson, and whoever reads him will number him in the company with the great trio of intellectual Northmen, Tolstoi, Ibsen and Turgenev. In the present book we have an original and fresh treatment of an old-time subject, and while it is not, perhaps, the best of Björnson's work, still is worthy of his genius. The publishers and editor of the series should be encouraged in their attempt to introduce Norse fiction into English-reading circles.

NOTES.

"Gyp" has written another book and it comes to us under the name of *Chiffon's Marriage*, published by Lovell, Coryell & Co.. The contents are an omelette of nonsense and twaddle. The cover is an atrocity in yellow and squashed pumpkin. The usual style of the French Mrs. Oliphant is so notorious, her unspeakable mediocrity so apparent, that no other introduction is needed for this latest of her perpetrations.

A most remarkable combination of unearthliness and warfare pervades Mr. Ambrose Bierce's *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*. All of the stories are fearful tales of murder and ghost-walking. Mr. Bierce introduces his volume in the following excellent epitome of its work: "Denied existence by the chief publishing houses of the country, this book owes itself to a merchant of this city, i. e., San Francisco." He goes on to express the hope that it will "attest the merchant's faith in his judgment and friend, etc." Yours truly. That is the best page in the book. Messrs. Lovell, Coryell & Co. publish it.

The October *Bookman* contains a very interesting article on "Maeterlinck at home" and Zola's "Rome." Jan Maclaren contributes the conclusion of his short tale "Drumsheugh's Reward," and there are valuable papers on "How to live by literature" and "On literary construction."

There ought to be a large local sale for *The Bachelor of Arts*. The paper is edited by the author of "Yale Yarns," himself a member of '74. Walter Camp and E. S. Martin, the lively paragraphers of *Harper's Weekly*, are on its management, and among the supporters of the enterprise are Judge Howland, Mr. Stedman, Winthrop Chanler, and a number of other Yale men. The style of articles are distinctly collegiate, though on a much higher plane than the gossipy pages of other university periodicals. College men are contributors to its makeup, and the elimination of the ever-present illustration is a great gain in seriousness and solidity of stuff. The book reviews are good reading in themselves.

Princeton comes in for the first article in the October *Bachelor of Arts* and the excellent series of papers on "An American at Oxford" are continued. It is a work of interest that almost the last thing that Prof. Boyesen did should appear here. It is on page 362. The buoyant, glad songs of the woodland contrasts sadly enough with the passing of the heart that felt them.

RECEIVED.

Orations of Lysias. Edited by Prof. M. H. Morgan. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.22.

Emelia Galou. By Max Poll (editor). Boston: Ginn & Co.

The Educational Ideal. By T. P. Munroe. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Academy Song Book. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The Individual and State. By T. W. Taylor. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The Idiomatic Study of German. First Series. By Otto Kuppe. New York: G. G. Peck.

A new Monetary System of Labor and Capital. By Edwin Kellogg. New York: V. S. Book Co.

TO BE REVIEWED.

Morelli. A sketch of his life and work. By Ashton R. Willard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

A Half Century with Judges and Lawyers. By Joseph A. Willard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The Old Settler, the Squire and Little Peleg. By Ed. Mott. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.00.

Diana. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.00.

John Ford and his Helpmate. By Frank Barrett. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.00.

Doctor Isard. By Anna K. Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Old Maid's Love. By Maartens Maartens. New York: V. S. Book Co. 50c.

The Trial of Sir John Falstaff. N. Y.: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Farur Fairies. N. Y.: Jacobus Publishing Co.

Songa Kovalevsky. A Biography. N. Y.: The Century Co.

Under the Manfig. By M. E. M. Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Chronicles of Break o' Day. The Arena Pub. Co.

The Works of Shakespeare in Dramatic Form. By Prof. Ruggles. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The post boy brings a full packet for the opening college year. Much of it is heavy with the dust of a whole summer, but you can smell June roses too, and very refreshing they are. How many academic things become distant and unused during a long vacation! And yet "cloister life," as Donald Mitchell calls it, never seems so alluring as in the October days.

Saint Elihu is much inclined to make an earnest plea for more of that picturesque cloister life in the institution of his founding. He often wonders if the college of to-day is really more worldly and so, less academic than in the "Plancus' days," when "life was slow." At all events, it is worth thinking about apart from the athletic question. To us it occurs, as a possible solution, that we see too clearly, the absurdity of old academic things. We speak condescendingly as to the pretensions of Junior and Senior orations, and we laugh at literary and scholarly ambitions.

I remember that Thackeray alludes in *Pendennis* to the undergraduate volumes which still deck his shelves as "the queerest aping of sense and poetry." Doubtless they were laughable, viewed altogether externally. Undergraduate criticisms of the Immortal Bard, for instance, are hardly instructive, and only now and then do we find a spark of the divine fire in college poetry. And yet, spite of their being so laughable, is the laugh worth while? Is it so distinct a mark of growth that we find youthful ideals ridiculous because we have learned to compare them with the ideals of middle age? We forget that the Sage of Weimar spoke directly to the sceptical men of middle life—"Cherish the dreams of thy youth."

And so in pleading for more academic spirit, we really ask for a true university spirit, since the ideals and measures of a decade ago are no longer possible. It was a good thing for us that we found commencement orations and much promiscuous profundity no longer bearable, but it now becomes our part to supply something better and more suited to our needs. It will be boyish, of course; let us be thankful that it can be boyish and sincere, knowing that sincerity is the touch-stone of all worthy things whatsoever.

The October *Harvard Monthly* appears with a celebration of its decennial between the covers. Saint Elihu, from a vantage point half a century away, looks on and says—"Bless you, my children, bless you!" The number contains an essay on the "Notion of the Beautiful," which sounds the key-note of Harvard's artistic ideals. It is an exceedingly thoughtful and instructive article, though spun much too far for the subject matter. The number is unusually fine, even though made up of graduate work. In fact, everything at Harvard is bearable (*except her condescension*).

The *Dartmouth Lit.* contains some excellent prose, "Art for Art's Sake," and "A Ramble," being of the best.

Old *Nassau* appears with a "Poetical Instance," a capital sketch.

Following is the verse for the month:

IN THE JUNE WOODS.

The rough lane lies between the hills,
 And creeps along the rocky ridge,
 Crossing a dozen tiny rills
 Each guiltless of a bridge.

Across the bars, the grave old pines
 Are motionless—in prayer, I think ;
 And far and near fresh laurel lines
 The listening woods with pink.

No song—no sound—arrests the ear.
 But as I linger, late and long—
 'Midst all this silence—hush ! I hear
 The throbbing *heart* of song !

—*Nassau Lit.*

A BALLAD TO DON QUIXOTE.

Ho, ho ! He rides adown the street,
 Where once the knights rode long ago,
 On halting steed with laggard feet,
 A sharpened lath for sword, I trow,
 The mocking rabble stand a-row,
 The children, jeering, follow on ;
 But, patient still, he rides on slow.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

So lived this Don ! The wind-mills greet,
 Perchance, his weary eyes, and lo !
 They change, and, in a moment fleet,
 Are giants he must overthrow,
 Then ho ! he spurs to meet the foe,—
 And sprawls upon the ground anon :
 A fool, men say, and be it so.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

And yet his heart was true. Defeat
 O'ercame him not, nor hostile blow.
 He rode — until he chanced to meet
 Grim death, who struck and laid him low.
 He went to rest, though here below
 Not flowers, but thorns, he trod upon ;
 He went to rest, as all men go.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

ENVOY.

Princes, amid life's empty show
 He fought for love and truth, whereon
 The world all laughed. But God will know.
 Ah, fame is dust, my brave old Don !

—*Harvard Monthly.*

AT EVENING TIME.

At evening time,
Birds sing their Orisons for night,
While shadows deeper gather round
The mountains grand, reposing there
Where zephyrs fan the quiet air.
Upon the lonely wooded height
The winds among the pine trees, sound
Departing day's thanksgiving chime,
At evening time.

—*Williams Lit.*

THE ONE OF THREE.

I knew not Faith nor sought her by the way—
Hope passed before me through the dark'ning land,
Holding her torch of guidance high in hand,
Which shone so that I recked not night from day—
Love lingered by my side, and, half in play,
Kissed me for comfort ;—then, half earnest, planned
A golden future, while soft breezes fanned
Hope's torch, and grew to gusts. The skies were gray,
And sullen overhead. The torch went out—
Love fell to weeping wretchedly, and passed
In sorrow from my side, the merest wraith ;—
Out of the mist appeared the face of Doubt,
Stern and all pitiless. Then I sunk at last,
And, groping blindly, called aloud for Faith !

—*Nassau Lit.*

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HENRY ROMEIKE.

To the editor of *The Tribune*.

139 Fifth Ave.

New York, August 16, 1895.

Sir: For two months past I have kept tally how many newspaper articles interesting to my 4,000 subscribers appear week by week in the *New York dailies*. I have a system of checking reprints, and send only live and original news to my clients, who receive either articles referring to themselves or any other matter.

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Yours truly,

HENRY ROMEIKE.

WEEK ENDING

Paper.	June 10.	June 17.	June 24.	July 1.	July 8.	July 15.	July 22.	July 29.	Aug. 5.	Aug. 12.	Totals.
Tribune	535	555	480	528	581	545	532	542	477	477	5,252
Times	498	473	412	410	373	391	491	394	363	399	4,204
World	505	421	405	361	320	270	270	276	285	335	3,457
Herald	303	302	272	234	267	254	297	237	298	274	2,738
Sun	397	400	391	365	340	348	348	330	353	339	3,611
Recorder	309	314	272	295	251	266	272	218	254	255	2,706
Press	253	230	147	171	206	216	224	278	260	237	2,222
Mercury	157	198	164	170	172	195	180	182	146	180	1,744
Journal	325	387	337	317	264	203	229	247	257	257	2,823
Daily News	188	173	134	185	144	134	148	134	129	139	1,508
Morning Advertiser	302	288	265	204	298	249	233	251	238	204	2,532
Com. Advertiser...	280	315	237	273	267	264	283	253	281	302	2,755
Staats Zeitung	106	129	134	116	101	103	110	102	84	87	1,072
Mail and Express..	483	462	365	343	318	351	368	357	325	321	3,693
Telegram	110	119	111	125	92	99	99	92	110	103	1,060
Evening Post	236	296	273	251	197	241	239	186	220	225	2,364
Evening Sun	109	94	100	114	86	108	71	90	94	88	954
Evening World.....	134	168	120	125	112	96	146	100	141	146	1,288

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